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JANUARY 7, 1880.

Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

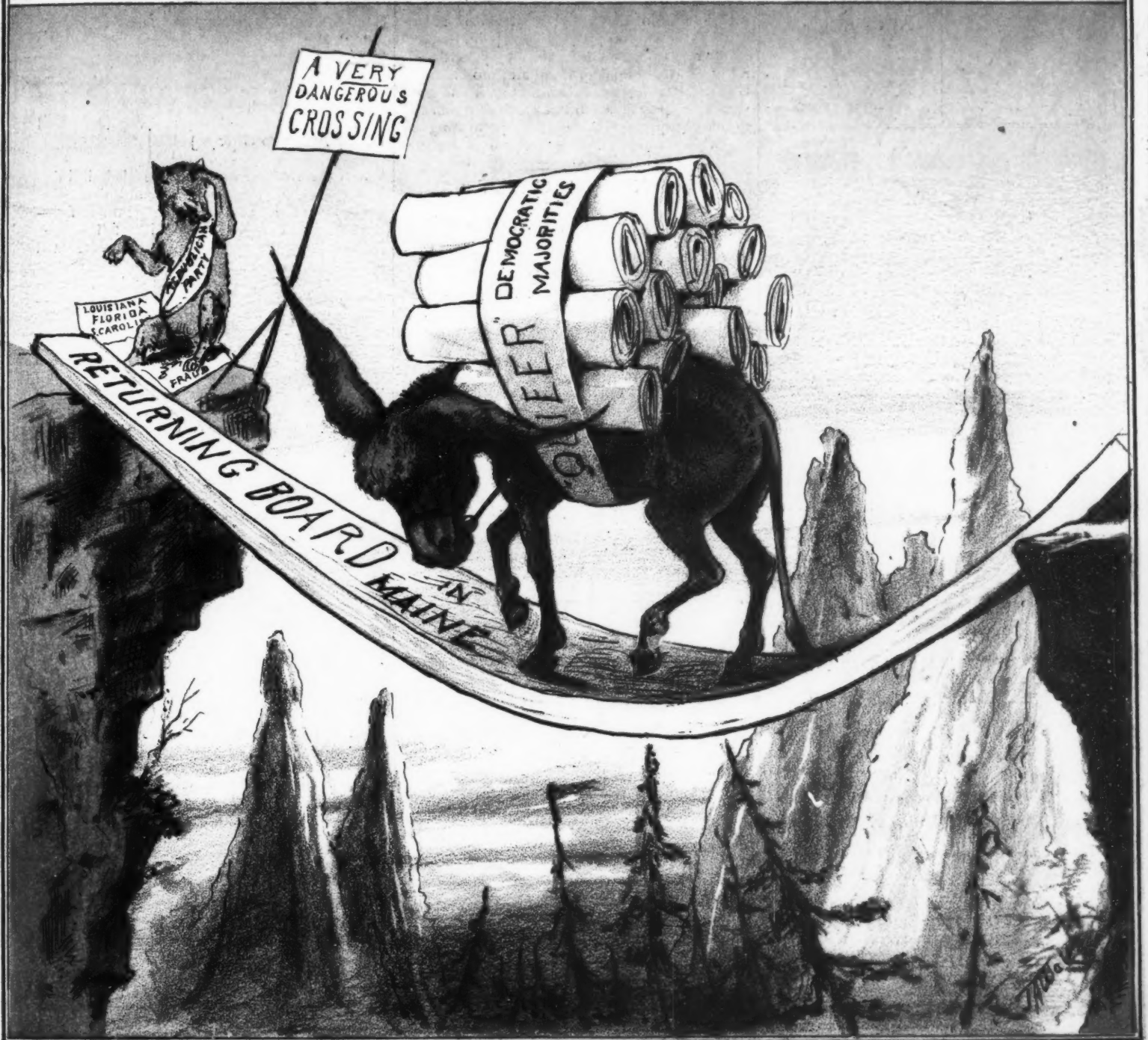
Suck

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The Democratic Ass thinks that What is Sauce for the Fox is Sauce for the Donkey.

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THE DEMOCRATIC ASS IN MAINE.

WE have very little to say about this Garcelon business in Maine. We have an idea that Governor Garcelon is acting in a very ridiculous manner; but that remains to be legally proved.

It is simply our wish to point out that an ass can never be anything but an ass. The Democratic animal, taking example by the successful Returning Board feats of the Republican Fox, in the Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina returns, has apparently tried to do the same thing in Maine, with but indifferent success. It is indeed a very dangerous crossing. The Democratic Ass lacks airiness for the enterprise. Overloaded with shady majorities, the frail plank ominously bends with the weight of its stupid, stolid passenger; while the Republican Fox enjoys the bungling attempt of the Ass to get across, after the example so gracefully set in Louisiana.

TO THE GOD OF BATTLES.

OUR centre cartoon is no mere fancy sketch. It represents but too truly the present condition of affairs in Europe, which part of the world is nothing more than a huge military camp.

What a mockery is this in the insulted eyes of civilization!

What do Christianity, peace and good will to all men and all that sort of thing think about it?

The fact is that Christianity doesn't think about it at all; and if it did, it wouldn't matter much to the governments who keep up these demoralizing armaments.

They can just as well use Christianity for their purposes as any other anity or ism. The idols of warlike heroes and material are set up and worshipped; there is nothing in the mere name, it can be called anything you please.

The chief use of a monarch now-a-days, is to form a very poor target for an equally poor marksman. We do not approve of king-killing, because it is not only vulgar, but murder; but we do think that if every man-jack of these

useless appendages with their wretched satellites was quietly shot, metaphorically, we think each nation would be much better off and enabled to reduce its expenses for bayonets and bombshells.

The greater portion of the shameful expenditure is to keep up the pretended dignity of those wretchedly antiquated things, called princes, whose advisers seem to do their best to foment discord with equally contemptible neighbors—while their unfortunate subjects are taxed to pay for their bloody amusement in the shape of war.

How long is this state of thing to continue? Here is Mrs. Victoria, for instance. She is Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India; but—except to draw her extravagant salary—she is about as much use to Great Britain and India, as is the fifth wheel of a coach. But she is a harmless and respectable personage, and cannot, in spite of all the royal flummery, very well help what Parliament and the Ministry choose to do in Afghanistan, and elsewhere.

Then we have among others the Emperor William, worshipping at his particular fancy in shrines; also the much-nihilist Czar, to say nothing of the equally much-shot-at Alphonso of Spain.

The music of the choice band of Prime Ministers is an appropriate accompaniment to what are supposed to be fervent prayers to each individual monarch's private and confidential God of Battles; and we are to ask ourselves what each particular god has to say for himself, in having permitted and still permitting so much good blood to be uselessly shed.

A NEW RECRUIT.

NEW YORK, City, Jan. 5th, 1880.

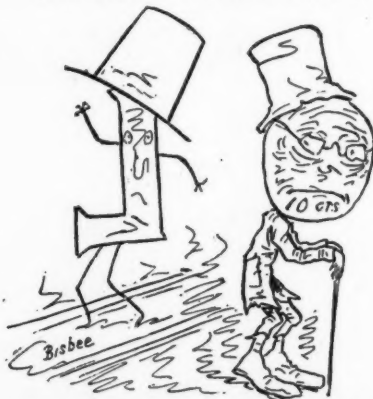
DEAR SIR:—

I have just reached the age of 21, and am anxious to become a policeman. I am strong, muscular and active, born in Bombay, India; am a excellent club swinger. By conferring your advice upon me, you will greatly oblige me; also by telling me if it is necessary for me to take out my naturalization papers to enable me to get on the force. What books would you advice me to read?

SHAMUS O'GLANNAH.

- 1.—You will do.
- 2.—No.
- 3.—To be acceptable as a policeman, you ought not to be able to read at all. If you must read, we recommend such works as "Wood on the Skull;" "The Locust Copse;" "The Cultivation of Beats;" "The Burkish Patrol;" "Harvey's Meditations among the Tombs;" and "Police Caught."

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.



SUPERANNUATED DIME.—That horrid "L" road won't recognize me, just because I'm old and worn. I only hope he'll have to come down to associating with five-cent pieces, some day.

Puckings.

THE Russian empire is short of horses. We might say it is long on Nihilists.

Now, young man, if there is any one of your resolutions that you particularly wish to keep, you had better back it—give it the moral stiffening of a bet.

"COME and take a beer, old man."

"Can't—indeed, I can't. Y' see, I have an appointment at half-past seven; and it's almost eleven now, you know. Really, I'm afraid I haven't the time."

"THERE'S a woman who would make a splendid wife for a poor man!"

"What, that horrid décolletée old girl?"

"Yes, don't you see how well she dresses?—and on next to nothing!"

GOVERNOR GARCELON, of Maine, can not handle an army with the ease and effectiveness of the Czar of Russia; but he and the member from St. Petersburg have quite similar ideas on the question of popular government.

DID you make all your calls on New Year's day?

Yes, all.

What, all?

Well—nearly all—

[1 plain rose-wood, with silver plate and handles. Bill to G. & S.]

WHEN the enterprising builder isn't buildin'—
—Isn't buildin'—

He loves to lie and watch his buildings fall—

—Buildings fall—

And estimate the numbers that are pulverized
and killed in—

—Rized and killed in—

The mansion with the eight-inch party-wall—

—Party-wall!

"ALPHONSO," said Christine, thoughtfully, as she let down her back hair that evening, "is this simply a sporadic case; or do you expect *all* your wives to take naturally to being shot at? Because, dear, I don't want to be disagreeable; but, you know, I shall really have to go back to mama before I'm quite perforated like a cullender, if you don't engage a better style of assassin. Why aren't you able to afford a dynamite explosion like the Czar? This is not at all what I had been led to expect."

I KNOW our Irish history from Boru to Rossa
Donovan;

And all the various hullaballos they've gone
and been and gone off on;

I know the Bay of Courtmacsherry, Glandore
Bay and Clonakilty;

Where the jury of the Sassenach brought in me
friend M'Donough guilty;

I know that Biddy Wurrasthru does keening
for all Fermanagh;

I know that Prince von Bismarck can the radi-
calest German awe.

I know the name's Roscommon, and I shouldn't
call it Roscommon;

I know a tantalizing bunch of hay will make a
hoss come on—

I'll repute the allegations of the Saxon alle-
gator:

In fact, I'm just the model of an Irish agitator.
—C. S. Parnell.

PROBABLY HE WAS GRATIFIED.

A RESPECTABLE, REFINED YOUNG GENTLEMAN, stranger in city, would be pleased to call on few young ladies of refinement on New Year's Day. Please address *** Station D.
—"Herald" Personals, Dec. 20th.

THE MODERN BUILDER.

IT is not entirely pleasant, as you sit at dinner in your modest home, number nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine West ninety-ninth street, to know that Smith, in number nine-hundred-and-ninety-eight, has cabbage for his evening meal, and likes it strong; and that Mr. Jones, in number one-thousand-and-one has cold mutton and doesn't like it at all. And as you smell Smith's cabbage and listen to Jones's bad language, you very naturally feel dissatisfied with a system of building that divides house from house by a wall scarcely thicker than the paper that you paste upon it. And you resolve firmly that when you are a millionaire real estate owner, and put up brownstone blocks, you will supply your tenants with party-walls as thick as the head of a New York alderman.

But you wouldn't do anything of the sort, if you were a millionaire. You would be just as economical of your brick-and-mortar as your present landlord is; you would let out the building of your blocks to the lowest bidder—that is, the most unscrupulous contractor; and you would charge high rents for your card-houses, with just as much cheerful cheek as does the man whom you are now cursing.

It is human nature.

That may be an unpopular remark. This world does not like to have its character taken away. People like to be told that the human race can boast a high average of morality and generosity and justice. The only public teachers whom we permit to abuse us with impunity are the clergymen. Perhaps that is because we don't feel obliged to believe them when they do it. Our pastor tells us that we are all miserable sinners, and we quite agree with him of course. But bless you, there's no animosity in it. The reverend Brimleston comes home and takes dinner with us after the sermon; and we look upon his remarks as merely glittering generalities, without any practical application.

But it's quite a different thing when the independent and erratic journalist gets up to remark that if the average man is left to his own devices, he will invest his money so as to bring in the greatest return for the least risk; and that all natural goodness of his nature will not prevent him from building paper houses, if paper houses pay.

Yet the thing must be said, and without any pretty compliments, either. It is not the thieves and brutes and vagabonds of society who put up the flimsy structures which endanger our lives. It is the class which we consider the chief support of the social edifice. It is the church-member, the club-man, the shining light of fashion and respectability who owns acre upon acre of fragile shells that, for want of better and more enduring habitations, a host of poor folk must call homes.

And these men do not build with the malicious intention of making their tenants uncomfortable. They do not construct six-inch party-walls in order to put the people between them in peril of their lives. They simply deceive themselves, and quiet their consciences with little fibs which are only too easy to invent.

"The city is growing—these houses must all be turned into stores within a few years—if I spend any more money on the construction, I shall have to make the rental so high that there will be no possibility of filling them. Some day, when I build in a permanently settled neighborhood, I'll build solidly."

Thus speaks the heart of the rich man to itself; and he signs the contract with McDethtrapp & O'Shantee, who engage to put up his next block inside of sixty days, at bottom prices. And then the rich man says firmly and unanswerably to his heart: "Shut up, and don't be sentimental!"

And then he walks forth proud and asthmatic; and is really and honestly quite shocked and horrified when he sees a French nurse in Fifth Avenue exposing a muslin-wrapped infant to the winter wind.

You see, you can't do anything by appealing to that man's moral nature. He utterly lacks the sense of analogy. He can't see that if a thin dress on a baby is objectionable, a thin house over a family is equally incorrect and improper. You couldn't possibly convince him that he and the careless *bonne* are equally derelict to duty—one in one way and the other in another; but both guilty of treating their fellow-creatures as they would not wish their fellow-creatures to treat them.

No, if we want that our houses should be houses, and not shadows and ghosts of houses, we, the great tenant population of this city, must build up a LAW big enough and strong enough to hold the richest proprietor and the trickiest contractor in a good firm grasp.

No poor little inefficient, half-hearted "Board of Inspectors" will do the work: we want a system of legal protection which will adapt itself to all the various and varying exigencies of the case.

If it is possible to plead the cause of the poor without being attainted of communistic heresy, we will say that when next a breath of fire or a whiff of wind touches a paper block, and all of a sudden the scant bricks are scattered, and the cheap mortar puts on immortality—then we want to see the esteemed and respected citizen who owned that block, in court, on the wrong side of the bar, impleaded with his agents, to stand his trial for manslaughter—before a jury of tenants.

"No, sir, I'm not going to the Smith's receptions this year—not by a jug-full. The society you meet there is decidedly quite too—"

"Mixed?"

"No, by Jove, not even that."

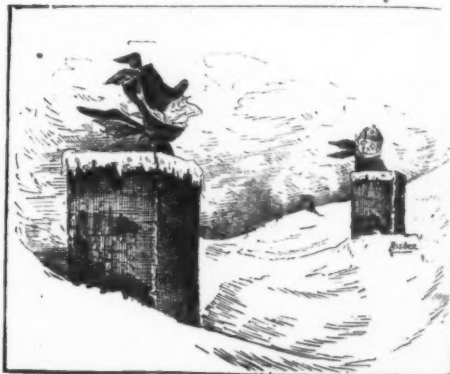
"I ordered a dozen oysters," said the blond young man with the helmet hat; "and here are only eleven. Will you kindly elucidate?"

"I will," replied the obliging restaurateur: "There is a certain superstition prevalent in good society, against thirteen at table; and so—you see—eh?"

HE had been bullying the waiter, who was very meek and about seven feet high. Finally the guest struck that big waiter, by way of a gentlemanly rebuke. And then the big waiter drew himself up till he looked like a shot-tower, and said:

"Boss, this dinner is seventy-five cents if I lam back; and \$10.75 without the lam. Check!"

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON IN VERMONT.



ATWOOD.—"I wish you a 'Happy New Year,' neighbor Jones."

JONES.—"Same to yourself, neighbor Atwood. Did you make many calls?"

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXVI.

GENERAL GRANT.

Ya-as, it will pwobably be wemembered that some time back a pwesident, an emperwor, generwal, or something of the kind, named aw Gwant, occupied a position of consid-



erwable pwominence in this countwy.

I believe he was orwiginally in the leathah twade, and aftahwards paid a considerwable amount of attention to Amerwican military affai-ahs, and, I am cwedibly informed, fought in some descwption of wah with aw cweditable bwawerwy and intelligence, wherwupon a majorwity of Amerwicans wesolved to make this Gwant man Chief Magistwate, or Pwesident, as I think they call the fellow he-ah, and continued to do so wepeatedly, until this Mistah Gwant got wearwied of the honah, and went abwoad making a tour of the world and visiting all the cwowned heads of Eurwope, and varwious othah people and parts of the aw world.

Jack Carnegie says that this aw Amerwican Emperwor was weceived ewerwywhere pwecisely as if he were a weally woyal personage, and that forweign authorwities, including, I aw suppose, those of Gweat Bwitain, took an immense amount of twouble to intwoduce him to ewerwything that was pwopah and worth inspecting in their wespective countwies.

He was naturwally much surprwised, although he ought not to have been, at finding so many things so vastly superwiah to anything in his own countwy.

The Queen actually invited him to dinnah, and allowed him the pwivilege of weposing for one night in Windsor Castle, and staying to bwakfast the following morning.

Deuced affable, I considah, on Victorwia's part.

Aw I cahn't descwibe serwiatim the othah weception arwagements that were made faw him in othar wemote forweign countwies, and in Fwance, Austwia, Gweece, Wussia and Pwussia; but on the whole, if this Generwal Gwant had imperwial sanguinarwy fluid in his veins and arterwies, he couldn't have attwacted maw attention.

Quite wecently Mistah Gwant has we-arwived in Amerwica, and some D-D-Democrats aw or Wepublicans, or othah descwption of politician, are, I undahstand, verwy anxious to see him again on the thrwone.

There is anohtah lot of political wagamuffins, who, it appe-ahs, are diametwically opposed to having Gwant faw an Emperwor for a perwiod, and who thweaten wevolution and wiot in the event of his again becoming an aw wesident in a white stwucture in Washington.

The whole affa-iah is, of course, of no materwial moment to me—indeed, I may say aw, not of the slightest interwest; but if one lives in a forweign countwy, it's verwy difficult not to he-ah some kind of discussion on the things that are twanspirwing arwound one.

I have merely weferred to Generwal Gwant in this particulah mannah to show the peculiah aw absurd condition of society he-ah. It does seem wemarkable that a me-ah tannah or leathah-twadah should have become a generwal or a pwesident.

And besides he dwinks and smokes awfully fwuely; but these, I appwehend, are not considahed dwawbacks in this, in some wespects, wemarkable countwy aw.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

BIRD SONG.



A hogshead, resting on great ropes,
Was slow rolled down his area,
The merchant truly said it was
A pipe of his canary.

MEDIO TUTISSIMUS IBIS.

If you would show your new-bought clothes,
Built in the latest style,
The safest way to do the thing
Is, when the choir stands to sing,
Glide down the middle aisle.

ANSER.

It may be that I am extremely obtuse,
But please tell me why the hiss of a goose
Should be a man's only vigorous way
Of showing that he has distaste for a play.

A. L.

SHAKSPERE STUDIES.

HAMLET—ACT V.

THOUGH Hamlet never made a sailor anything of the sort, there is a hint of his having been a traveling-agent in his so ingeniously looking after the commissions.—[Sc. 2.]

THE Prince calls Osric a beast, possibly because in some of the latter's peculiarities could be observed the den-mark.—[Sc. 2.]

THE King but not only intended to sit down on Hamlet, but actually laid on him—six Barbary horses.—[Sc. 2.]

HORATIO uses a slang expression generally accredited to a later date: "'No good,' my lord."—[Sc. 2.]

ALTHOUGH Hamlet was sworded in his contest with Laertes, yet the purse fought for was valuable: "The King, and Queen, and all are coming down."—[Sc. 2.]

HAD John Brougham's "Pocahontas" been written after these Studies, as it should have been, I could have remarked on Hamlet's begging pardon of one whose pa he had done already.—[Sc. 2.]

HORATIO, reminding his princely friend that the encounter was yet to come off, neatly expresses it: "You are not fit."—[Sc. 2.]

HAMLET took to orthodoxy in sections. He believed, "there is a special providence in the fall," but that the other seasons looked out for themselves.—[Sc. 2.]

THAT the ladies also participated in the exercise of the sword seems assured by the stage direction—"Attend-ants with foils."—[Sc. 2.]

WHEN the mad Dane was particularly flighty, he called it "a soar distraction."—[Sc. 2.]

THE King and Queen were always drinking in all sorts of places; the last mentioned was when they "set on the stoop."—[Sc. 2.]

CLAUDIUS cared so little about the law against murder that he exclaimed, "Shoot the ordnance."—[Sc. 2.]

"THE King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in the cup an onion shall he throw—"
was rather rough on the nephew.—[Sc. 2.]

LAERTES seems to have thought that the killing of four of the actors was stretching the tragic element, and exclaimed: "'Tis stretch-ery."

WHEN the night procession of strangers is coming up, Hamlet notices the illumination and speaks of "the election lights."—[Sc. 2.]

THE work of burial falls on the foreign soldiers, as there are too few Danes left alive to attend to the funerals.—[Sc. 2.]

THERE is much work in this play. Could the author have enjoyed these Studies before writing he would have made money by it. Hamlet, who should get the crown, gets thrown. He is willing that his mother should still rule, but no one else excepter. It is the rank or position of his uncle that excites his rancor, and when he learned how disreputable that relative was, he should have cut him at once. The author is unduly familiar with his characters in the matter of abbreviating their names, for, fronting the initial words of each remark, recurs such insignificant diminutives as, "Pol.," "Ham.," "Hor." and "Oph.," when, with the exercise of a little modern ki-bosh, he could have made them all end with a genteel "ie." Still, Hamlet is quite a play.

JOHN ALBRO.

HOW WE PRAY.

SCENE.—Interior of intensely crowded and fashionable church up-town. Rustle of silks, flutter of feathers, sparkle of jewels, atmosphere laden with Eau de Cologne and Frangipani. Enter modest stranger prayer-book in hand in search of seat.

CLERGYMAN.—Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us at all times and in sundry places to—

APOPLECTIC SEXTON (to stranger, in undertone distinctly audible for fifty feet round).—Hi, there! Where you going?

MODEST STRANGER (returning on tip-toe).—I didn't mean any harm, I only wanted to—

CLERGYMAN.—Acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and wickednesses—

SEXTON (pushing modest stranger towards the door).—Get back there, will you? I've got—

CLERGYMAN.—A humble, lowly, penitent and obedient heart—

SEXTON.—To keep this aisle cleared for the pew holders.

MORE MODEST STRANGERS.—Can't we—

CLERGYMAN.—Humbly acknowledge our sins before God—

SEXTON (angrily).—No, you can't! You've no business to—

STRANGERS (despairingly).—We only wanted—

CLERGYMAN.—To render thanks for the great benefits we have received at his hands—

SEXTON (after a pause in which the original stranger has been vainly skirmishing for a seat).—Say, I've spoken to you three or four times, now I want you to—

CLERGYMAN.—Accompany me to the throne of the Heavenly Grace, saying:

SEXTON.—I'll call in the police.—(Enter suddenly Mrs. Shoddy and Mrs. Putancall, two wealthy pew holders upon whom sexton smiles obsequiously and whom he conducts to reserved seats.)

CLERGYMAN.—For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!

[Exeunt modest strangers in search of some less fashionable and crowded temple.]

"COLUMBIA."

A RATIONAL PARODY FOUNDED ON THE NEW MUSICAL NONDESCRIPT.

"COLUMBIA!" 'tis the latest glim
From Gilmore's lantern, faint and dim;
A feeble spark which shows how far
From good "sound" sense some people are.
Let no dog bark, though men may mark
The tune is old as Noah's Ark,
Or those stern hills where "nature's child"
Long hours in lazy wigwam wiled.

"COLUMBIA!" 'twas with awe I read
What Patrick and the Herald said,
And therefore went the crowd to see
Of cads at the Acad-e-mee.
On subjects stale a dry old snail
Spun out an almost endless tale,
Until the boys began to be
Quite boisterous in the gal-ler-ee!

"COLUMBIA!" in these honest days
No bard—unpaid—will chant thy praise,
When from the "Pinafore's" gay deck
Much better tunes have gone to wreck!
Yet Patrick's face and martial grace,
With Levy in his usual place,
For one brief moment raised a cheer,
Sweet music to the showman's ear.

To prove the lines at least were good
Old VANDENHOFF before us stood,
And with the paper in his hand
Pronounced the words in accents bland.
'Twas deemed a bore, for long before
He closed, the crowd commenced to snore,
Which showed the mild maestro's strain
More soothing than his stale refrain.

Now, 'midst a discontented row,
MISS THURSBY makes her modest bow;
Fair mistress of unnumbered arts,
The homage of our loyal hearts
Still clings to thee; from C to C
Thy notes are clear as bird's could be;
And chiefly thou—my muse is just—
Hast saved the piece from being cursed.

Behind the stage, perched up on high,
Three hundred figures met the eye;
But, viewed from vocal point alone,
They might as well have been of stone.
'Twas very plain, applause to gain,
The showman added to his train
This deadhead throng, which did not pay
Except as claqueurs at the play.

At last, unwilling to subside,
An ancient dodge our hero tried;
He called on all who chanced to hear
To sing one verse by note or ear.
A useless prayer—the audience there
Would not revive the ancient air;
Not one in fifty wagged his jaw—

THERE SCARCE WAS HEARD A-MERRY-AW!

NOTES.—The author flatters himself that his rhymes generally, and especially those of the last two lines, are an improvement on the original. To make *awe* rhyme with *America* is *aw*, as Fitznoodle would say, "verwy bad fawm aw."

If the American people desire to adopt this as a National Parody, it may be proper to state that the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th verses are appropriate for Calatumpian concerts, weakly tea-fights, barbecues, meetings of Sorosis and walking-matches. The 2d, 4th, 1st, 7th, 6th, 3d and 5th will answer for negro camp-meetings, Presbyterian synods, Talmage minstrel entertainments, Shaker hops, Mormon sociables and general religious purposes. The 1st, 7th and intervening verses will do for any and all occasions, from a tin-wedding to a steamboat explosion. The poetry, boiled down to a paste and spread thin on muslin, will form an excellent chest-protector, porous-plaster and infallible cure for corns, bunions and in-growing nails.

J. A. K.

PUCK'S PANTHEON.

X.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE,



J. A. Wales

THE "NORTH AMERICAN REVIEWER," AND ANXIOUS ANTI-CATHOLIC AGITATOR.

THE RIME OF THE MODERN MARINER.

PART I.

IT was a modern mariner,
And he stoppeth us at sea,
As he floated to our steamer's side,
Upon a ship's cross-tree.

A stove-pipe hat was on his head,
An ulster gray he wore.
"How came," we asked, "you floating here,
So far away from shore?"

He seized our cap'tain's button-hole:
"There was a ship," quoth he,
"Which gayly from the harbor sailed,
And went down to the sea.

And on her deck there stood with me
Three hundred souls or more,
And I ruled on the quarter-deck,
And towards the East we bore.

There came the storm-blast swift and strong,
There came both mist and snow,
But all the changes of each day
Our Aneroid did show;
And so, through all the mist and the storm,
Quite safely we did go."

PART II.

"Why look'st thou so?" our captain said.
"Why dost my eye avoid?"
"Alas!" then groaned the mariner,
"I smashed our Aneroid!"

"One night, when I'd drunk much champagne—
How I regret my sin!—
I smashed our sole barometer
With a belaying-pin.

And then we knew naught of each day—
Would it be clear and fair,
Or would the ice approach us near,
Or fogs soon fill the air."

"All sailors have," our captain said,
"Some other ways employed
Of telling what a day would be
Besides the Aneroid."

"Once," he replied, "that was the rule,
As you remark, good sir,
But you must bear in mind I am
A modern mariner:

And we rely for everything
On scientific tools,
And sail our ships across the seas
By logarithmic rules.

PART III.

But when our passengers had heard
I'd smashed the Aneroid,
They gazed at me as if I were
A wretch they should avoid.

We sailed as fast as we could sail,
Great speed we did not dare to fail
To make at any price:
There were no icebergs then in sight,
When I fell on my couch that night,
And snored there in a trice;
Our books said icebergs ne'er were found
In July days. We ran aground
Upon a hill of ice.

PART IV.

Our ship was broke and torn and smashed,
Like shell of empty egg,
Three hundred frightened human souls
Did loud for mercy beg:

And, as they sank beneath the waves,
Could I their eyes avoid?
And yet their looks did seem to say,
"You broke the Aneroid!"

They sank, and I alone was saved
Upon our ship's cross-tree,
And I have floated on these planks
Three days upon the sea.

Three days of anguish I have passed,
Of anguish unalloyed,
Not e'en by hope that I'd be saved,
My heart was upward buoyed,
I felt that I was doomed, because
I'd smashed that Aneroid.

Now give me food, and give me drink,
But this to you I tell:
If I'd not smashed that Aneroid
Our voyage would have gone well.

PART V.

He's gone to seek another ship,
That modern mariner,
But he must have two Aneroids
Before from port he'll stir.

And one's to smash, if he should lose
His temper on the way;
The other will be kept to give
The weather on each day.

ARTHUR LOT.

GALLIC GUMDROPS.

FLAVORED TO SUIT THE AMERICAN TASTE.

HE was an old rounder. His face had been familiar in the police-courts for half-a-century. Now the Judge sent him up for a high-art, first-class burglary—sent him up for twenty years.
"Thank you, your Honor," he cried, raising his arms in gratitude to heaven: "Thank you, gen'lemen of the jury. I never expected to live that long!"

"MINE host, I prithee, tell me true,
How many the casks of amber beer
In the course of the slow revolving year
Thou managest to get through?
Fifty, thou say'st? The figure's slim!
Would'st learn how to double thy brewer's bill?
Indeed thou wouldst? Then listen. Fill
Thy glasses up to the brim!"

It was a highly respectable white-whiskered gentleman who inquired of the janitor of a French Flat building the rent of the vacant apartment on the seventh floor.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," said the functionary, critically inspecting the applicant.
"Twenty-five hundred dollars! How many rooms are there, then?"

"Well, 'tain't no use my tellin' ye jes' how many. This house won't do for you, nohow."

"Why not, may I ask?"

"You won't see seventy agin, will you, sir?"

"No—but—"

"Well, sir, the owner of these here flats is a kinder perticular, and he objects to interments from the premises. That's all."

"My dear sir," said the lawyer to his client, an Emeritus Professor of Burglary: "I can do nothing for you. The law is explicit on the subject. The particular variety of criminal amusement in which you have indulged is a rare one; but carefully provided for by statute. It's ten years for you; and there's no way of getting out of it."

"Beg pardon, cully," replied the astute artist of the jimmy, drawing from his pocket a sheet of legal-cap; "you're a member of the firm of Jones, Jones and Jonesby, I believe—the eminent lawyers."

"I am."

"Well, here's old Jones's opinion. Your boss differs from you considerable. I took care to get blooming well posted before I went into this job."

GRIEFS OF THE SEASON.



A MORMON WIDOWER.

THE MARCH OF WINTER.



THE INEVITABLE DIRECTION.

PUCK'S CONDENSED NOVELS.

No. VI.

'ARRY 'ADNEY.

By

HENRY GRAYVEAL.

CHAPTER I.

THE members of the first class at the Klapperclack Institute were in their recitation room. They were listening to a lecture, by one of the Professors, on the protoplasmic theories of Darwin. Silence reigned supreme. Tutor Givemfits, who sat there watching the class, had almost fallen asleep. Suddenly the class was disturbed by a series of sharp noises. They sounded very much like repeated snaps of a long whip.

"What is that?" cried the Professor.

Every eye in the room was turned upon Harry Hadney. Tutor Givemfits rose and beckoned Harry forward. Harry advanced to him.

"You will report," said tutor Givemfits, "to the principal at once."

Harry Hadney was an orphan. For years he had known no home but the Klapperclack Institute. On his death, Harry's father had left sufficient funds to just carry Harry through the Institute. That money, however, was now almost exhausted. Harry had a charming face, a manly form, and lovely golden hair—real red. His hair was cut short, and every hair stood up on his head as if it were afraid to be too intimate with the neighboring hairs, for fear they might not belong to its set.

Harry went to the principal's room, where he found that tutor Givemfits had reported him.

"What do you mean by making snapping noises in the class-room?" asked the principal.

"I assure you," said Harry, "it was unintentional. I am so full of electricity that I cannot help it. When I feel the electricity surging up in my body, I must unbutton my collar-button or explode. As soon as the electricity reaches my head, one half of my hairs seem to become filled with negative and one half with positive electricity. The itching is then intense, and, as soon as I scratch my head, there come incessant snaps of electricity."

The president chewed his pen as he reflected.

"You will go," said he finally, "every morning for an hour to the chemical laboratory of the Institute, and discharge your head of all electricity into the Leyden jars you will find there."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Harry, for it had been the dream of his life to spend his time in the laboratory doing stunts with the chemicals.

When tutor Givemfits heard of the manner in which his complaint against Harry had been treated, he was disgusted, and he resolved to get even with Harry some day.

CHAPTER II.

The boy, who, in the opinion of himself, his fellows and the teachers at the Klapperclack Institute, was the most important person in the first class was, vulgar O'Brien. Among his school-mates he was known as Prince Vulgar. His father was a contractor, and, as the elder O'Brien was on friendly terms with the politicians, he had had many fat jobs and had grown very wealthy. Prince Vulgar had more spending money than any other boy in the school, and was allowed to have his own way by the Professors because his father had, through the Board of Aldermen, had the school property relieved from all taxation. Prince Vulgar was rather greedy, and he had arranged, with the three female cooks, that he should go down to the kitchen after the other boys had retired and should devour the good things stowed away in the pantry. Tutor Givemfits had sneaked down after him one night, but he

did not dare to report the Prince. Unfortunately the President went to the kitchen one night, and, though Prince Vulgar escaped unseen, yet the maids were caught and the President saw a boy rushing up the stairs. The President immediately sent for Tutor Givemfits. The Tutor did not dare to say that Prince Vulgar was the guilty person, and so, after a moment's hesitation, he said the boy who had been in the kitchen was Harry Hadney. On the following morning, without a word of explanation, Harry was turned out of the Institute to make his way in the cold, cold world.

CHAPTER III.

Only eighteen years of age and without friends or home, Harry's condition was indeed a sorrowful one. From his earliest years the height of his ambition had been to go on a stage, to hold the ribbons in his hands while the stage rolled majestically down Broadway; but now he would be fortunate if he should ever reach the dignity of a hand-cart. Hoping to make at least a subsistence, he offered himself to Edison and a number of other electricians, to fill their Leyden jars. His offer was always held under consideration, and when, on investigation, they found that he had been turned out of the Institute, they concluded that it was because he had furnished poor electricity, and therefore rejected his offers.

For three months Harry lived with a washer-woman, who adopted him and for whom he carried home baskets of clean clothes. One day, as he was crossing the street, he was almost run over by a galloping horse. He looked up and saw that the horse was fastened to a dirt-cart. In the cart, holding the reins, stood Prince Vulgar. The Prince reined up his steed.

"Well, Harry, what are you doing?"

"Nothing," said Harry. "No one will employ me because I was turned out of school."

Prince Vulgar hung his head, for he remembered that it was his fault for which Harry had been turned out.

"Whose carriage is that?" asked Harry.

"The old man's," replied the Prince. "Look at the side."

There, upon the side, Harry saw emblazoned Prince Vulgar's father's coat of arms, to wit: "Patrick O'Brien D. C. No. 1001."

"Come around to-morrow and see me," said Prince Vulgar as he drove away.

CHAPTER IV.

Prince Vulgar's father lived in the third flat of a large brick mansion on Avenue A. That evening, as he sat smoking his clay pipe, Vulgar approached.

"Father," said Vulgar, "I want to speak to you, when I was at the Klapperclack Institute, some time ago, I ate up the dainties in the kitchen at night, and another fellow was turned out because it was believed that he did that very thing. He suffered for my fault."

"Sure, Vulgar," said the old man, "I approve of that intirely. Faith, you wouldn't have had yourself turned out, when you could put the job on some other spalpeen!"

"No," replied Vulgar; "but the fellow can not get anything to do because he was turned out."

"What does he want to do?" asked the old man.

"To go on a stage."

"Go on a stage, is it?" cried the old man.

"Go on a stage, indade! Just as if every spalpeen, who's never driven a horse, could go on a stage. Why the devil don't he ask to go on the perlice, and be done with it?"

"Well, what can he do?" asked Vulgar.

"He can work up to a stage," responded Mr. O'Brien. "I'll let him drive one of the

dirt-carts for a bit, and if he works up to a stage, begorra, I'll not object."

Vulgar carried the news to Harry, and Harry accepted the offer with delight.

On the following day Harry might have been seen mounted on a dirt-cart, on which the old man O'Brien had painted his monogram as follows: "Patrick O'Brien, D. C. No. 1002."

CHAPTER V.

His heart being in the business, Harry soon learned to drive with skill the Arabian charger Mr. O'Brien had placed under his control. He lived in a hall bedroom on the floor above the O'Brien's, but many of the evenings he spent in the parlor of the O'Brien's. There he met Mary Ann McNab, whose parents occupied the second flat in the same palatial mansion. Often and often did Vulgar and Harry accompany Mary Ann to the variety shows, or to the walking matches, or to Rockaway, or to picnics, or to balls. Every time Harry gazed upon that charming young girl did he fall deeper and deeper in love with her. His heart throbbed whenever her hand touched his.

Time fled. Harry became twenty-one years of age. He longed for the time when he might ask Mary Ann to be his bride, but he felt that he must first gratify his youthful ambition—he must first get on a stage. Again and again he applied at the stables, and finally the happy day came; he was put in charge of stage No. 906. At length he had a money-box under his own control.

On the first day on which he drove the stage he invited Mary Ann to ride with him. As he held her soft white hand while he helped her to the top of the stage, and as he drove down Broadway with her by his side his heart was filled with emotions too strong for expression. Alas! all her talk was about Vulgar. To every one but Harry it was plain that Mary Ann was gone on Prince Vulgar.

CHAPTER VI.

Many and many a time thereafter did Mary Ann and Prince Vulgar ride on the driver's seat of that stage with Harry. Every time that Harry would take Mary Ann's hand to help her to the stage's top his heart would throb, but she seemed to experience no emotion. All her thoughts and words were for Prince Vulgar. One day, late in the afternoon, Mary Ann and Vulgar mounted to the stage's top and sat beside Harry. For a while they chatted on indifferent subjects, but soon Mary Ann turned to Harry.

"Harry," said she, "Vulgar is gone on me, and I'm gone on him. We're afraid the old man will not take kindly to it, and we want you to break it to him."

Harry placed his hand inside of his red flannel shirt and clutched madly at his heart. A shudder went through his frame.

"You'll do it, old fellow?" asked Vulgar.

Harry thought of his school days, of the kindness Vulgar had shown him, and how happy Mary Ann would be.

"I will," he replied, suppressing his emotion.

Mary Ann and Vulgar jumped down from the stage and went their way. The violent emotions he had endured overcame Harry; the reins dropped from his hands; he rocked in his seat; having lost the support which his friends afforded him, he dropped from the top of the stage to the cobble stones. They picked him up dead.

The coroner's jury returned the verdict: "Killed by falling from a stage while inebriated." Coroner's juries take no note of broken hearts.

NOTE.—The next novel in PUCK's series of Condensed Novels will be

A CONFIDENCE GAME.

By HARRY JIM, Jr.



MONARCHICAL DEVOTION—MI



—“MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.”

IRWIN RUSSELL.

Died in New Orleans, December, 1879.



MALL was thy share of all this world's delight,
And scant thy poet's crown of flowers of praise;
Yet ever catches quaint of quaint old days
Thou, sang'st, and, singing, kept thy spirit bright:
Even as to lips the winds of winter bite
Some outcast wanderer sets his flute and plays
Till at his feet blossom the icy ways,
And from the snowdrift's bitter wasting white
He hears the uprising carol of the lark,
Soaring from clover seas with summer ripe—
While freeze upon his cheek glad, foolish tears.
Ah! let us hope that somewhere in thy dark,
Herrick's full note, and Suckling's pleasant pipe
Are sounding still their solace in thine ears.

H. C. B.

EDWARD STUART LLOYD.

Died in New York, Dec. 30th, 1879.

With the initials E. S. L. and the pseudonym "Easel" the readers of Puck have long been familiar; and the buoyant spirit that faded and failed with the dying year had in many unrecognized ways helped to create and to keep alive the warm friendship between the public and the paper to which he was devotedly attached. Mr. Lloyd was a member of the artistic as well as of the literary staff of PUCK; but it was principally as a writer that he was able to exhibit to the best advantage his graceful and many-sided cleverness. His easy, pleasant, thoroughly popular style was the fruit of much well-directed study and sound thought. He had a strong critical faculty, and a marvelous power of appreciating the value and significance of the events of the hour; understanding not only the popular taste, but the forces which mould it. His first work for PUCK was done when the paper had been but a short time in existence; and, up to the date of his death, though enfeebled by constant illness, he was a valued contributor. Mr. Lloyd's life was one of varied adventure; born of the excellent stock of Gilbert Stuart and Gilbert Stuart Newton, he had held positions of trust and honor; and he had suffered many reverses; but through good and evil days he preserved a cheerful humor and a hopeful and kindly heart.

PUCK'S PANTHEON.

JAMES ANTI-CATHOLIC FROUDE.

MR. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE is an English historian of whom everybody has heard, but whose works only a limited number of people have read.

A man who can get himself talked about for mere history-writing must do pretty good work, for the general public does not amuse itself as a rule by studying history—it takes the verdict of the few who do.

Mr. Froude has received the stamp of approval, and justly so. He made the most of his opportunities for education at Westminster School and at Oxford University.

He soon got at loggerheads with the clergy by expressing his opinions of some things that they hold laymen unfit to discuss, in a book called "Shadows of the Clouds," followed in 1849 by the "Nemesis of Faith."

The severe ecclesiastical censure did not trouble Mr. Froude to any considerable extent, and he continued to give his views on various matters, especially with reference to England and Irish Catholics—which was not palatable to the priesthood; and it will be remembered that Father Burke tried to show how very much misinformed Mr. Froude was in the lectures he delivered in this city.

It is not his unique history of England (we use "unique" in its proper sense) that has induced us to honor Mr. Froude with a place in our Pantheon, but an article of his which recently appeared in the *North American Review*, entitled "Romanism and the Irish Race in the United States."

It is a good piece of work, for Mr. Froude couldn't write ill if he tried. But he is an alarmist, and his reasoning and conclusions are not always sound.

We are alive to the fact that the Irish Roman Catholic Church wields considerable power in this country—much more than it ought to. We know also that its members do not, as a rule, amalgamate with Americans and other nationalities, but prefer to stand alone, at the same time never allowing an opportunity to escape of securing more than their political privileges.

But we Americans do not fear the Irish, in spite of Mr. Froude's caution. So long as they behave themselves—which they very often do not—they may build churches and chapels, and increase and multiply till further orders. There will never be enough of them or sufficient influence among their nominal leaders and spiritual guides to overcome the good common sense of the majority of the American people; for, as Mr. Froude very truly says: "Romanism, as a theological creed, cannot again command the serious belief of the intelligent part of mankind. A galvanic 'grammar of assent' may make the dead limbs seem to move, but the movement is artificial; the heart does not beat, the blood does not run in the veins. The life, once gone, does not come back again."

THE BALL SEASON.

The New York dancing man is now in a state of rare excitement, for he is thinking of the balls that he will soon have a chance of going to. And what a number there are, too! To use an ancient Greek phrase, it is a perfect *embarras de choix*. If he had the money to buy a ticket he was probably, on Monday night last, at the Academy of Music

MASKED BALL,

which was given under the auspices of all the gilded youth and age of the city. Indeed, if the would-be gilded youth wasn't there, he has entirely forfeited his title to be regarded as fashionable. This ball was quite successful, although a lack of tact and discretion in certain of the arrangements was rather obvious. We will charitably attribute these shortcomings to the fact that the Masked Ball committee have not been accustomed to conduct entertainments of this kind. They might well take a lesson from some of our German fellow citizens, who never make any mistakes.

CERCLE MUSICAL DE L'ORPHEON BALL is to take place at the Academy of Music, 14th st., about the second week in January, and promises to be a superb affair. The proposed decorations are of such a nature that the boxes, proscenium, ceiling, pillars, etc., will look like a gigantic Tiffany diamond case. Some of the best professional dancers are engaged to give the true Parisian flavor to the entertainment; and the whole affair will be under the efficient management of M. Fritz Hirschy, whose vast experience in such matters will insure a success.

THE MARTHA WASHINGTON RECEPTION is announced for January 20th. It promises to be a very interesting affair, and, as usual, for that worthy charity of St. John's Guild. It is certain to be well patronized.

The Charity Ball, the Cercle Harmonie, the Liederkrantz, the Arion, and many others, are all coming off within the next few weeks, and shall receive ample justice, both before and after the events, at the hands of PUCK.

THE THEATRES.

"The Galley Slave" has changed its quarters from HAVERLY'S THEATRE to NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's play, "The False Friend," will succeed "French Flats" at the UNION SQUARE, either on the 12th or 15th inst.

"Evangeline" and our friend the *Lone Fisherman* re-appeared on Monday evening at the STANDARD, with versatile Mlle. Jarbeau in the title rôle.

WALLACK'S is indulging in old and standard comedies, played as they know how to play them there alone. "A Scrap of Paper," "London Assurance," "Home," "My Awful Dad" and "The Liar" are to follow one another in quick succession.

Mr. Bartley Campbell has scored another success. "Fairfax," now performing at Mr. Abbey's PARK THEATRE, is in many respects an excellent play. The interest never flags for a moment, and one or two of the scenes are worthy of a Sardou. Some of the language is a little high-flown and unnatural, but this is a venial fault. The piece was well set and, on the whole, admirably acted. Miss Sydney Cowell played to the life the part of *Diana Dorsie*, a fresh young girl of 18; and looked younger. Mrs. Agnes Booth and Mr. Frederic Robinson both filled their rôles with rare skill.

A grand audience crowded the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE on last Wednesday night, on the occasion of the first performance of the "Pirates of Penzance," the latest production of Messrs. Gilbert & Sullivan. The piece was an instant success; and, although it is not a "Pinafore," if Messrs. G. & S. write for shekels as well as glory, with their new piece they will make enough of both to enable them to dispense with anything in the shape of work for the remainder of their days. The daily papers have described the plot, and probably by this time everybody knows it, as well as the more tuneful and catching numbers. A great deal of praise must be accorded to Miss Roosevelt, who, as *Mabel*, Major-General Stanley's youngest daughter, sang and acted very nicely. Everything was good—acting, singing, music, scenery, plot, dialogue and stage business. In short, it was, as a pleonastic friend of ours says, the most satisfactory tout ensemble altogether, we have ever seen. We shall return to the subject next week, not having space to do it justice.

Answers for the Anxious.

ALEXANDRA.—Wed a man and shake the muse.

EDWIN.—Do please paste a piece of paper over yourself.

HAELTINE.—Did you call on her in the daytime in a dress-coat?

Z. H.—Why do you write a very eighteenth-class poem and an A A 1 letter? Reverse the proceeding: send us as stupid a note as you like, and put your cleverness into the proffered contribution. Doesn't that strike you as a more practical and solid plan than your present one?

SOCRATES.—It is evident that the ancient Greeks did not know how to mix a sleeping-draught. If we had had the putting up of your prescription, you wouldn't have been bursting out again in the nineteenth century, rhyming "lamb" with "man," and "awe" with "door."

L. G. K., New London.—Go ahead. An indispensable preliminary to being successful as a writer is—to write. No one can tell from your few lines what you are capable of; but you write a modest and sensible letter; and, apart from the consideration that the possession of modesty and sense generally implies the co-existence of other good qualities; you may congratulate yourself on the fact that the possession of those two alone is in itself quite a distinction.

THE ADVENTURES OF COLONEL LIEBIG.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK

By

ARTHUR LOT.

III.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST!
 "The West, though later lit than Eastern sky,
 Shines equal fair."

—OLD PLAY.

WHEN I reached Washington I found that, notwithstanding the fact that everybody was disturbed and worried on account of the defeat of the army, I had become famous, and that the name of Anthony Wayne Liebig was in everybody's mouth. Not, understand me, on account of my gallant defence of the line of retreat, but on account of some antics of the Patchogue Fencibles which the people of Washington looked upon as amusing.

It seemed that my troops had fled to Washington clad—well, in the only garment I had left them. When they approached the bridge the Washingtonians thought they were the advance guard of the returning triumphant army. Thousands of people rushed to the bridge to greet the coming heroes. A strong breeze swept across the bridge, and my soldiers broke into a run to escape the wind. As they were *sans culotte*, their appearance, as they galloped across the bridge with their sole garment fluttering in the breeze, excited the laughter of the assembled thousands. They were at once dubbed the "Shirt-tail Brigade." Their reputation spread through the city, and it soon became known everywhere that they were the Patchogue Fencibles, and that I was their commander.

Immediately after the return of the army to the city everything was in confusion. Three days after our return, however, I received an order to call at the White House and report to the President. I have never slavishly bowed before principalities or powers, but, as the President was Commander-in-Chief, I felt that my duty as an officer compelled me to obey that order. The pampered menial who admitted me to the White House was inclined to compel me to kick my heels in an ante-room. I drew myself up to my full height, planted my right foot firmly in advance of the other, fixed my eye upon him, and in my trumpet-tones remarked:

"I am Captain Anthony Wayne Liebig, of the Patchogue Fencibles."

The minion burst into a peal of laughter.

I looked at him sternly, and he trembled in his boots—by the way, I believe they were slippers.

"Go and announce me," I continued.

He rushed away, but I thought I heard him remark as he went:

"Shirt-tail Brigade!"

In a few moments he returned and led the way to the President's room. His Excellency was alone as I entered. He sat in his chair with his legs crossed, shaking all over with suppressed laughter.

"Take a chair, Major," said the President.

"Ah, your Excellency has promoted me, then?" remarked I quickly.

"Well," said he, then for a moment he paused. "The thing was cleverly done, and he deserves it. Yes, I've promoted you."

Thus, by taking advantage readily of the opening offered by the President, I had gained a step in the army.

"You have become somewhat famous, Major," said he.

I rose and bowed gravely.

"I understand your Shirt-tail Brigade"—

"I commanded the Patchogue Fencibles, Mr. President," said I solemnly.

"Yes, I know," said he, laughing. "I understand they were the first troops who entered—Washington."

"I have so heard," remarked I in a dignified manner.

"That reminds me," said the President, "of a little story. Out in the Western country where I lived there was a man who would get drunk. His friends tried every known way of curing him, without success. Finally they resolved to dress him in grave-clothes, put him in a coffin, and place the coffin in a graveyard, thinking that when he woke up he would imagine that he was dead and would be frightened. About daylight he woke, pushed the lid of the coffin off, sat up, looked at his grave-clothes and the tomb-stones surrounding him, and exclaimed:

"Resurrection-day, by jiminy! First rooster up!"

The President laughed and then looked at me. I do not know what he expected, but I sat there listening solemnly and patiently. Gradually an expression of astonishment crept over his face and he became quiet. I waited patiently for him to continue. So far I had failed to discover the object of this interview. Presently he spoke again.

"I understand," said he, "that one man guarded the line of retreat of the army, fired off fifty guns at the foe, and broke up the pursuit."

"That was I," I added proudly.

I have heretofore stated that I do not believe in mock modesty. The President looked at me for a moment, as if astonished, and then he laughed.

"That reminds me," said he, "of a little incident. An uncle of mine in Kentucky had an old darkey, who was known all through the county as being not entirely agreeable to the olfactory organ. One day my uncle was in his wife's room, where the darkey was cleaning the window. My aunt had spilled some perfume in the room.

"Ah," said my uncle, as he entered the room, 'that's a pleasant smell; that's delicious. I wonder what it is?'

"That's me, Massa Tom," said the darkey.

"Clare to heaven, Massa Tom, that's me!"

The President laughed heartily and then looked at me. I confess I do not often laugh, and I could not think that an interview between the Commander-in-Chief of an army and an inferior officer (inferior in grade, I mean) was an occasion for indulging in laughter. The President's face smoothed itself into solemnity.

"Are you a Scotchman?" asked he.

"I am proud, Mr. President," answered I, "to say that I am an American; but the Liebig's have been Scotch since the days of Bruce."

"I thought so," said the President, "but I haven't a crowbar handy, and have no time to open a skull, if I had the crowbar about me."

What that remark meant I don't know. It may have related to some military manoeuvre which was passing through the President's mind. The crowbar is often used by military men, and the President may, in familiar conversation, have spoken of his head as a skull.

For a few moments there was absolute si-

lence. The President seemed to be communing with his thoughts.

"Major Liebig," said he finally, "I like your method of doing your work; that deed on the line of retreat was a noble one. What, in your opinion, is the best thing to be done now?"

"Your Excellency desires me to speak frankly?" I asked.

"Certainly," replied he.

"It is my way," said I. "When Anthony Wayne Liebig sees that a certain thing should be done, he states that thing boldly."

"That is what I wish," interrupted the President. "Let me know precisely what you think should be done."

"Give the army a new commander," answered I promptly. "No matter how skillful the present one may be, the army will feel that he has suffered defeat."

The President reflected for a few moments.

"Do you believe in proverbs?" he finally asked.

"In some," I responded.

"There's an Irish proverb," said he, "to the effect that when you have become accustomed to red hair in your virtuals you should not change your cook."

I said not a word. It seemed to me that the Commander-in-Chief was trifling.

"And now about yourself?" asked he. "What do you wish to do in the future?"

"I am in this struggle," responded I, as my chest swelled and my eye flashed, "to see it to the end."

"I like that," said the President. "I wish I could put you at the head of the army; but there's too much dash about you as yet; we must wait."

My breast filled with emotion at such a recognition of my valor.

"Do you know," asked the President, "that every officer of the Army of the Potomac is jealous of you on account of the gallant deed that you did in protecting the retreating forces?"

"I feared it," said I solemnly.

"We must do something for you," added the President, "but I fear we must send you West."

"West or East," responded I, "my blood is ready to flow for the safety of my country."

"I like that talk," said the President. "You haven't red tape enough about you for the East, but in the West, where they don't believe in red tape, I feel certain that a glorious career is before you."

I rose and bowed profoundly.

"We'll look into it," said the President as he waved an adieu.

I found that I was indeed something of a lion in Washington. When I walked through the streets fellow-officers gazed after me with envy, lovely women looked upon me with admiration. Society courted me everywhere. Invitations to balls, receptions, etc., came to my tent numerous as leaves swept before an autumn breeze. I sought excitement, forgetfulness in such social assemblages. All in vain; my heart was in Patchogue. Many and many a time did women, lovely enough to tempt St. Anthony, pour upon me their burning glances and whisper in my ear their words. All in vain, however; my heart remained ever true to Evangeline.

My little performance in protecting the retiring army had made me known as the hero of the fences, and it became a popular saying in Washington society that the hero of the fences was as dangerous to the hearts of women in peace as he was to the bodies of men in war. Thus it is ever with those who try to explain their failures. Men saw that my success with the fair sex was something marvellous, and they ascribed it to a paltry military success. They refused to see what was patent to any man with

eyes, that, in all the Army of the Potomac, there was not another officer with the majestic form, the manly grace, the finely chiseled features, the melodious voice, the thousand and one beauties possessed by Major Anthony Wayne Liebig.

Social entertainments, however, could not relieve me from my sad thoughts. Action alone could do that. I yearned for the battlefield, and it was with feelings of delight that I received orders to report at Cairo.

WE MET—THE USUAL WAY.

"Chance holds within its grasp the thread of life."
— CHAPMAN.

The reader will understand that it is not a history of the war between the North and South that I propose to write. Other, but not better pens have attempted that task. There were certain acts performed by me in the course of the great struggle which, as admitted by almost every man with whom I have conversed, had a great, if not a controlling effect upon the termination of the war. The historians have seen fit to try to push me into oblivion; but ask any distinguished Southern general or statesman who made the war a success for the Northern forces, and, if he knows anything about it, he will reply, Anthony Wayne Liebig. He may mention my name with curses, but those expletives will only prove his sincerity.

As I am only detailing my personal adventures, I do not feel bound to follow the exact course of the war. Such portions of the struggle as were carried on without my assistance, or in which I performed deeds which could have been done by any other officer, I pass by. Suffice it to say that my orders took me to Cairo, and that, once there, I was put as major in an Illinois regiment, and in due course of time became a part of the division commanded by General U. S. Grant. With that distinguished general I formed a friendship which nothing should ever have broken if, when he had reached power, he had remembered what he owed to me, but of that anon.

Of course the details of camp life were monotonous, but they afforded me the means of distracting my thoughts from the one whom I still adored, though I had lost her forever. Soon my regiment was known throughout the division as the best-drilled regiment in the West. However, I could not constantly occupy myself with such details, and I sometimes strolled through the city.

One morning, as I was passing down Quintard Avenue, I heard a cry which sounded as if it had been uttered by a female. I listened for a moment. Again I heard the cry, but this time there was something about it that struck me as familiar; this time there was something about it that seemed to strike my heart and pierce it through and through. Like a madman I dashed around the corner. There stood a woman trying to protect herself from a huge ruffianly officer, who was endeavoring to rifle from her lips a kiss. One glance told the story to me, one glance set my blood in a glow. My heart had divined rightly. The woman was Evangeline O'Brien. With the strength of a giant I whirled that officer aside, just in time to catch in my arms the woman I adored. She had fainted. The officer had by this time recovered.

"You have insulted me," he exclaimed.

"You wear a sword," said I; "so do I. I am ready to protect this woman against the world."

"Meet me in an hour, then, behind the brick church," said he.

I bowed and he departed.

For a moment I gazed upon Evangeline's

face. Then her eyes slowly opened. At first she was dazed, but presently the light of recognition flashed through her eyes.

"It is indeed you, Anthony!" she murmured.

"My darling," I responded, "it is indeed I. But, Evangeline, how came you here?"

"That reminds me," said she, "I must hasten. We are on our way South where father has relatives. We stopped here over night. We leave this morning. I was taking a breath of air when that ruffian attacked me. I must hurry away or my father may miss me."

"Is there still no hope?" I murmured in her dainty ear.

"Alas," she whispered, "no hope!"

"And I must live on away from that darling face?" I cried.

She dove her hand into a pocket situated in her train, somewhere near her heel, and drew out a photograph. With a smile she handed it to me. I seized it; it was her own picture. I kissed it again and again. She blushed as she offered her hand.

"Leave me now," she said; "I must rejoin my father."

I raised her hand to my lips.

"Never," I exclaimed, "while the life-blood throbs in my heart will I forget you."

She drew away her hand and hastened into her hotel. I stood there like one dazed. I was in dreamland.

Presently the thought of my engagement flashed across my mind. Never had a Liebig been late at a rendezvous where swords were to be the playthings. I glanced at my watch; barely ten minutes of the hour remained. With that long, easy stride, which has been so often admired, I hurried forward to the place of meeting. Fortunately I reached the spot at the moment my adversary appeared there. It was an open space in the rear of a church, situated in the outskirts of the city. At first I had resolved to kill the fellow, but as he approached I recognized him as a Captain whom I had met, and I resolved to be lenient. He had a friend with him.

"I am in time, I believe," I remarked coolly.

"Where is your second?" asked he.

"I have brought none. I need none."

"Very well," replied he, "then draw!"

Never does a Liebig allow such an invitation to be addressed to him twice. My sword was out in a twinkling. The Captain began to lunge and drive as if he intended to finish the affair quite promptly. I soon had his measure, and amused myself with playing with him. He lost his temper, and I pricked him once or twice. I could have run him through at any moment, but, when I grew tired of my work, I simply twisted my sword around his, and, with a turn of my wrist, whirled his sword out of his hand.

"You should learn how to play with a sword before using it," I remarked calmly. "I could get along easily with a dozen such swordsmen."

"Try two then!" cried the Captain's friend, evidently nettled.

The Captain had picked up his sword and the two approached. They little knew what they were undertaking. They little knew that I had been a pupil of Monsieur d'Epée until he had admitted that I was his master. They little knew that I had held four men at bay, sword in hand, at a time.

I fell back a little, so as to have the side of the church at my back. As long as I could keep both of them in front of me I knew there was no danger. I watched their play carefully and soon found that they were both neophytes. My aim was to separate them as much as possible, and they played into my hand. Having separated them, I then attacked them, one after the other, most furiously. The Captain gave way first. I drove him a little way, and while

he was recovering his breath, I fell upon his friend. I attacked this fellow, a lieutenant, with the utmost fury. I had just succeeded in wresting his sword from his hand when the Captain returned to the attack. I threw my right hand around with all my force and struck the heavy hilt of my sword in the lieutenant's face. He fell in his tracks. Without looking further at him I turned to meet the captain. I could have unarmed him at once, but I resolved to punish him. I cut a piece off of his right ear, then a piece off of his left ear, then I cut a slit down his nose, and finally I ran my weapon through his sword-arm and his hand dropped helpless by his side.

A man who is brave is always sympathetic. I turned at once to examine the lieutenant. He was sitting up. The blow I had given him had mashed his nose flat, had cut his upper lip open, and had knocked eight of his teeth down his throat. Never would he sit for his photograph again. I never hold animosity. Once I have conquered there's an end of the matter. I bound up my opponent's wounds as well as I could, and assisted them to reach their camping ground.

The duty which I owed to honor having been paid, I hastened to the hotel where I had left Evangeline. Alas, she had gone! In my mad desire to protect my honor I had forgotten to find out whither she was going. To me she was again lost. With my head cast down, I sought my tent. There I drew from my breast the picture of my darling and gazed upon it. Tears stole into my eyes. The bravest heart may still be a tender one. Suddenly some one entered. I dashed the tears from my eyes and stood up, again the stern man of war. It was my sergeant. He held out a paper.

"Orders from commanding general," remarked he.

It was indeed an order to attend the general, at six o'clock sharp.

I supposed at once that I was to be punished for my day's work, but what did I care now? As six o'clock approached I left my tent, and upon the stroke of the hour I entered the general's tent. When the Liebigs were princes in the Highlands of Scotland our motto was, "Punctuality is the courtesy of princes." Though in exile we still remember that *noblesse oblige*.

(To be continued.)

MAUD MULLER ON ICE.

Maud Muller, on a winter's day,
Went out upon the ice to play.

Beneath her Derby gleamed her locks
Of red banded hair, and her crimson socks.

She skated about from ten to two,
And then a hole in the ice, fell through.

On the bottom of the pond she sat,
As wet and mad as a half-drowned rat.

A man with hickory pole went there,
And fished her out by her auburn hair;

And her mother is said to have thumped her well,
Though just how hard Miss Maud won't tell.

And hung her over a stovepipe to dry,
With a thumb in her mouth and a fist in her eye.

Alas! for the maiden; alas! for the hole,
And 'rah for the man with the hickory-pole;

For the truest words of tongue or pen
Are "a skating girl's like a headless hen."

— Unidentified Exchange.

A WESTERN man has patented a pistol, with the word "loaded" boldly inscribed on its handle. If the undertakers of America don't convene on this fellow for ruining their trade, they're not the men we've always taken them for.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

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The Sun will deal with the events of the year 1880 in its own fashion, now pretty well understood by everybody. From January 1 to December 31 it will be conducted as a newspaper, written in the English language, and printed for the people.

As a newspaper, The Sun believes in getting all the news of the world promptly, and presenting it in the most intelligible shape—the shape that will enable its readers to keep well abreast of the age with the least unproductive expenditure of time. The greatest interest to the greatest number—that is the law controlling its daily make-up. It now has a circulation very much larger than that of any other American newspaper, and enjoys an income which it is at all times prepared to spend liberally for the benefit of its readers. People of all conditions of life and all ways of thinking buy and read The Sun; and they all derive satisfaction of some sort from its columns, for they keep on buying and reading it.

In its comments on men and affairs, The Sun believes that the only guide of policy should be common sense, inspired by genuine American principles and backed by honesty of purpose. For this reason it is, and will continue to be, absolutely independent of party, class, clique, organization, or interest. It is for all, but of none. It will continue to praise what is good and reprobate what is evil, taking care that its language is to the point and plain, beyond the possibility of being misunderstood. It is uninfluenced by motives that do not appear on the surface; it has no opinions to sell, save those which may be had by any purchaser for two cents. It hates injustice and rascality even more than it hates unnecessary words. It abhors frauds, plies fools and deplores nincompoops of every species. It will continue throughout the year 1880 to chastise the first class, instruct the second, and discountenance the third. All honest men, with honest convictions, whether sound or mistaken, are its friends. And The Sun makes no bones of telling the truth to its friends and about its friends whenever occasion arises for plain speaking.

These are the principles upon which The Sun will be conducted during the year to come.

The year 1880 will be one in which no patriotic American can afford to close his eyes to public affairs. It is impossible to ex-

aggerate the importance of the political events which it has in store, or the necessity of resolute vigilance on the part of every citizen who desires to preserve the Government that the founders gave us. The debates and acts of Congress, the utterances of the press, the exciting contests of the Republican and Democratic parties, now nearly equal in strength throughout the country, the varying drift of public sentiment, will all bear directly and effectively upon the twenty-fourth Presidential election, to be held in November. Four years ago, the will of the nation, as expressed at the polls, was thwarted by an abominable conspiracy, the promoters and beneficiaries of which still hold the offices they stole. Will the crime of 1876 be repeated in 1880? The past decade of years opened with a corrupt, extravagant and insolent Administration entrenched at Washington. The Sun did something toward dislodging the gang and breaking its power. The same men are now intriguing to restore their leader and themselves to places from which they were driven by the indignation of the people. Will they succeed? The coming year will bring the answers to these momentous questions. The Sun will be on hand to chronicle the facts as they are developed, and to exhibit them clearly and fearlessly in their relations to expediency and right.

Thus, with a habit of philosophical good humor in looking at the minor affairs of life, and in great things a steadfast purpose to maintain the rights of the people and the principles of the Constitution against all aggressors, The Sun is prepared to write a truthful, instructive, and at the same time entertaining history of 1880.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged. For the DAILY SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, post paid, is 55 cents a month, or \$6.50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or \$7.70 a year, postage paid.

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